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The Shape of Things

IT IS A CURIOUS SENSATION TO LET ONE'S mind move through the anomalies that constitute America's foreign policy on the second anniversary of the start of the war. Today this country is submerged in a truly gigantic effort to provide weapons for the defeat of Hitler. Though the results are still far too meager to meet the desperate demand, the effort is intense enough to have soaked up a large proportion of our unemployed and created a temporary prosperity which is shoving up both wages and costs. On the other hand, as in every economy geared to war production, people are being forced to adjust themselves to the lack of accustomed commodities suddenly curtailed by the needs of the defense industry or by dislocations of international relations or by shipping shortages. We are not in the war and our embassy in Berlin is still open; but our President, as in his Labor Day address, openly, bitterly attacks Hitler and pledges our faithful service in the struggle to end the Axis drive toward world dominion. He recalls pointedly our historical readiness to fight when our liberties are threatened. But with all this effort and all this commitment the United States—after two years of war and the conquest of eleven free nations—is still unconvinced that it is actually in danger. Among a majority of our citizens a large hope remains that we can get out of this somehow without engaging in actual combat. So we live emotionally on a sort of hand-to-mouth basis, reacting to shifting events with few fundamental convictions to guide us. The marvel is that under such conditions we have accomplished as much as we have. And the question is, when are we going to wake up to the unreality of our situation and demand: "What's all the non-shootin' for?"

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THE GERMAN PEOPLE NOW KNOW THAT they must endure a third winter of war. As the nights lengthen they must be preparing themselves for bombings on a scale far greater than anything they have yet experienced. And as the war against the Soviets enters its eleventh week, the probability of a winter campaign in the frozen interior of Russia becomes a certainty. In spite of all Hitler's successes, decisive victory must ap-

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pear to the Germans farther removed than a year ago. How is German morale standing up in the face of this prospect? That is a question difficult to answer, but we know that the Nazis are finding it advisable to seal up the home front against news leaks still more closely. This seems to be the main reason for the shutting down of neutral consulates, particularly in the German provinces, which has been going on quietly for some time. Almost all independent observers coming out of Germany remark on the lack of enthusiasm displayed for the victories claimed by the High Command. Now Dr. Goebbels has thought it advisable to explain that "apparent lethargy" as a sign not of low spirits but of "a stronger and more stable sense of realities than in the World War." This comes very close to an admission of German awareness that the outlook is not as rosy as the vague bulletins of the Hitler-Mussolini conference tried to indicate.

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IN TIME OF WAR OR EMERGENCY THE Department of Justice becomes the center of the nation's vastly increased control over the business and political activities of its citizens. Regulations multiply; the individual grows smaller and more helpless. The process is inevitable. No national effort of the intensity and magnitude of even our present share in the struggle against Hitlerism could succeed without it. But just because control is more centralized and severe, it should be lodged in the hands of men who can be trusted conscientiously to balance the necessity of restriction against the value of freedom. The appointment of Francis Biddle to the post of Attorney General is an encouraging sign that the Administration intends to be as vigilant in defending liberty as in securing order and compliance with law. Mr. Biddle is a vigorous and tested liberal as well as an eminent lawyer, and we look to him confidently to curb those tendencies in the Department of Justice which threaten a recurrence of the hateful persecutions bred by the last war. John Dos Passos's eloquent letter To a Liberal in Office was not addressed to Mr. Biddle and was in fact written before his appointment. But we commend it to his attention and warmly support its plea. The new Attorney General should sound the keynote for his own administration by promptly dismissing the case against the Trotskyists in Minnesota.

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THE NEW IRANIAN CABINET HAS DECIDED not to offer further resistance to the British and Russian forces, which are continuing their occupation of strategic points throughout the country. Turkish reports hint at the early signature of an agreement between the three countries which would leave Britain and Russia in control of Iranian communications for the duration of the war while providing Iran with compensation and guaranties of independence. This would be a fortunate outcome to a move which has exposed Britain and the U. S. S. R. to charges of imitating Nazi methods of dealing with small countries. The excuse given—Iranian toleration of fifth columnists—has strengthened rather than diminished the force of this accusation in the view of some pro-British liberals. It is true that Germans occupying key technical positions in Iran constituted a danger for the anti-Nazi armies, but the real reason for the invasion was rather the absolute strategic necessity for linking the Caucasus and the British Middle Eastern command and for creating a secure supply route. Time and again during this war Britain has been weakened by respecting neutral rights and leaving small nations wide open to German invasion at Hitler's chosen moment. Self-preservation forbids the taking of any more such chances. We should feel happier, though, if Britain and Russia had candidly admitted these facts instead of attempting to put a legal gloss on action which only the sheerest necessity can justify.

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THAT THE NAZIS HAVE LONG BEEN ACTIVE in Argentina is a well-known fact but one which the government of that country has sometimes seemed reluctant to acknowledge. This has made possible the effective organization of the very considerable German population of the great southern republic. Now, thanks largely to the energy of a Congressional Committee headed by Deputy Raul Damonte Taborda, so many details about that organization have been brought to light that the government can no longer refrain from taking action. It has been found that although the local Nazi party was officially suppressed by Presidential decree in May, 1939, it continued to operate in the guise of the Federation of German Cultural and Welfare Clubs. Within this organization practically all the 60,000 adult male Germans in Argentina have been grouped in "cells," each under a leader, and in addition units of storm troopers and S. S. men have been formed. Among the documents in the dossier assembled by the investigating committee is one signed by the German ambassador, Edmund von Thermann, acknowledging receipt of 100,000 pesos from the federation to be applied to "funds to defray the needs of this embassy." Resort to this unconventional method of diplomatic finance may be due to the fact that the embassy has a staff of 156 persons claiming diplomatic immunity although all trade between Germany and Argentina is at a standstill. Britain, doing a big business in the country, gets along with only 30 diplomats.

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MAYOR LAGUARDIA AND WILLIAM O'DWYER, Brooklyn District Attorney, are still the leading contestants in the New York mayoralty campaign despite a few new entries and withdrawals. In general LaGuardia will be backed by those who support the New Deal in

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both domestic and foreign policy. O'Dwyer, however, will get some votes from the President's supporters, for he has the cleanest record of any Democrat in the city. The ominous possibilities in a LaGuardia defeat and O'Dwyer victory lie not so much in the record of either man as in the unholy alliance of Tammany ward heelers and Coughlinite fanatics which is running the O'Dwyer campaign. Unable to nominate a candidate of their own choosing, the pro-fascists jumped on the O'Dwyer bandwagon and are trying to grab the reins. From the evidence at hand it would seem that they have been at least partly successful, for O'Dwyer has yet to repudiate them. Indeed, the extent to which the more virulent isolationists are influencing the campaign is apparent in the effort of a group of Republicans to get a cut of anti-democratic support by challenging the Mayor for the G. O. P. nomination with John R. Davies, a Coughlinite fellow-traveler. This move has already cost LaGuardia part of his large Italian backing. In addition, he now has another familiar liability, Communist support. If he is able to break through despite his foes on the far right and his unwelcome friends on the far left, the victory for the liberal point of view will be a notable one.

Which France Are We For?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

DURING this past holiday week-end we Americans have spent a lot of valuable time congratulating ourselves on our democratic institutions, our liberties, and our earnest efforts in defense of both. We could with better grace have devoted part of it to self-scrutiny and self-criticism. Our orator-statesmen might have turned their attention profitably, for a few moments, to the less glorious role we are playing in the defense of democracy abroad.

All over Europe resistance to Hitler is rising. In France particularly, men and women are daily risking their lives in gallant, desperate acts of rebellion against Nazi domination and the repressions of Hitler's straw-bosses in Vichy. In two remarkably prophetic articles in *The Nation* Louis Dolivet described the preliminary stirrings of revolt. In his second article, on July 26, he wrote: "An immense movement coming from the very soul of the French people is destroying every kind of collaboration suggested by the Pétain government." Today that movement has assumed ominous proportions. In the last few months 150,000 people have been arrested for political offenses; in the past week 6,000 have been rounded up in Paris alone. Vichy has created summary courts to try "Communists and anarchists," and the death sentence has been instituted for acts committed against the "occupying authorities." Already many men have gone to the guillotine for such misdemeanors as attending so-called Communist demonstrations and for "espionage"—clearly in behalf of the Free French cause. More than a hundred recent cases of sabotage have occurred on the French railways. Sabotage is also punished by death, and the death sentence has even been established for "failure to stop railroad sabotage." Eugene Deloncle, notorious Cagoulard, has turned his 25,000 storm troopers loose on the people.

The attempted assassination of Laval and Déat by the young De Gaullist Collette resulted in a new spurt of arrests, new drumhead trials. A reign of terror is taking power in France today—a white terror. And while it gathers force, the Nazi invaders stand a little to one side watching the French people plunge deeper into conflict. The German army has, it is true, rounded up thousands of anti-Nazi suspects, but the occupying authorities have announced that the French police will be expected to restore and keep order. And the summary courts have been described by the Paris press as a "test" which will prove the success or failure of collaboration. In other words, if their French underlings can do the dirty work of the occupation, smothering in blood the growing resistance of the people, so much the better; Hitler can still pose as the "correct," magnanimous conqueror, desiring only a cooperative government and people freed from the intrigues of Jews and "Communist-De Gaullists." If the tide of revolt rises, then the French will have proved again to German satisfaction that they are an anarchistic people incapable of self-government. With a record of patience and forbearance duly chalked up, Hitler will move in to establish order.

But if Nazi "order" is established in France, whether by the German army or by French terrorists, the responsibility for that shameful result will rest in large measure on the shoulders of the American government—and the American people. Only two days after the Vichy headsmen had led to the guillotine eleven French patriots whose only crime was treason to Hitler, President Roosevelt let it be known that our relations with Vichy would continue undisturbed. We will not accept bases in Free French territory in Africa. We will not extend any sort of public recognition to De Gaulle even as the head of the Free French forces fighting Hitler. On the contrary, we are at this moment arranging to send oil to one of Vichy's colonial outposts—this time to Madagascar.

What consideration, diplomatic or military, can excuse this betrayal of the democratic hopes and the spirit of revolt of the French people? Many of our Administration leaders pretend to recognize the value of that spirit. Oratorically, they like to look ahead to the day when the peoples of the invaded countries will rise and throw off the yoke of the conqueror. But when the rising begins

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to take shape under their very eyes in the heart of Hitler's most important conquered territory—then they look the other way and arrange an oil deal with Vichy. Some of our leaders even encourage the new-fledged propagandists of the various pro-democratic organizations in this country to send out over the short waves appeals to the European peoples to turn against their oppressors and to look with confidence to the great democracies for backing and support. But what are honest propagandists of democracy to say to their fellow-democrats in France? "Yes, brothers, rise. Blow up trains; put sand in gear boxes and bullets in traitors; stage demonstrations in the streets. We are with you. But just for the moment we can't do much of anything about it. The President and the State Department say that nothing must be allowed to upset our relations with the Vichy authorities, who are busy exterminating you at Hitler's order. So we don't see how we can help you. But rise, brothers, anyhow."

How long is this contemptible betrayal to go on? The answer is plain. It will go on until the President makes up his mind that it must stop. On that day the reactionary bureaucrats in the State Department will find themselves removed to posts in the more unimportant regions of the earth and an honorable, energetic, pro-democratic policy will be put into effect. We shall withdraw recognition from Vichy and forswear those mysterious benefits that are supposed to flow from our present connivings with Hitler's French pro-consuls. We shall recognize the belligerent status of De Gaulle, treating the Free French army not as a rather undesirable protege of Britain but as an independent fighting force. We shall consider De Gaulle's offer of bases in Africa on its strategic merits, accepting it promptly if it promises advantages in case of Nazi occupation of Dakar. We shall show by all our acts that we support the forces fighting Hitler, not those that are knuckling under and carrying out his orders. And by such means we shall earn the right to call upon the French people to revolt.

Settlement with Japan?

RELATIONS between the United States and Japan have reached a decisive stage. Strangely enough, the pressure for an immediate showdown does not come from this country, whose citizens are victims of Japan's aggressive policies, but from the Japanese. It is a by-product of the domestic crisis that has gripped Japan since Hitler invaded the Soviet Union. The Japanese have been caught in a trap of their own making. Their Axis ties, made when a German-Italian victory seemed certain in Europe, have resulted in their being encircled by a powerful combination of countries determined to prevent further Axis encroachment in the Far East. One Cabinet shake-up has already occurred because of the situation, but renewed efforts at bluff and intimidation, so successful in the past, have only resulted in a tightening of the iron ring in which Japan is caught. The Japanese people have become restive. No government can hope to survive for long that does not offer a clear-cut way of escape, either through war or a peaceful settlement.

Until the contents of Premier Konoye's note to President Roosevelt are divulged, we cannot know the exact nature of the Japanese proposals. But it seems clear that Japan is pressing for a broad settlement of outstanding issues between the two countries. This much was hinted in Prime Minister Churchill's radio talk following his conference with President Roosevelt. Some correspondents even go so far as to suggest that Japan is willing to modify its program of expansion in East Asia and forget its protest over the shipment of war supplies to the Soviet Union in return for a resumption of normal trade relations and a promise, on the part of the United States, not to insist on restoration of China's pre-1931 boundaries. Others think the present negotiations are concerned solely with the economic war between the two countries. Undoubtedly the question of American shipments to Vladivostok was touched on in Nomura's conversations with the President. But this issue is important only as a symbol of the new alignment of powers which threatens to upset Tokyo's long-range program.

Under these circumstances we should not be chiefly concerned with the danger of an unwanted war in the East which would weaken our assistance to Britain. While that danger cannot be ruled out, there is every indication that Premier Konoye recognizes that a conflict with the United States could only lead to a Japanese defeat. Hitler may want to see a war in the Pacific, but Japanese loyalty to the Axis has always been tempered by a realistic appraisal of Japan's own interests. What is to be feared is that the State Department, intrenched in the habit of appeasement, will settle with Japan on terms that provide no guaranties against a resumption of aggression when conditions are more favorable. The Japanese leaders have revealed no change of heart. Troops are still pouring into the recently acquired bases on Hainan Island and in French Indo-China. A promise to refrain from further aggressive acts would be worth no more than a similar promise from Hitler. In September, 1931, Japan assured the world that it had no designs on Chinese territory and would remove its troops as soon as the Manchurian affair was settled. At the time of the Panay incident the Japanese government solemnly promised us that such an incident would not be repeated.

If Japan expects us to believe new protestations of good intent, let it give evidence of its sincerity by reversing its policies. Before any negotiations begin, the United States might well ask Japan to show its good faith by evacuating Indo-China. And the least that should be accepted as a basis for a permanent settlement is with-

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drawal from China and the restoration of Manchuria to its rightful owner. To insist on less would be to allow Japan to gain by diplomacy what it is increasingly evident it cannot claim by right or military prowess—which is a fairly good working definition of appeasement.

The Great Oil Mystery

RALPH K. DAVIES, deputy petroleum coordinator under Secretary Ickes, made a poor showing as the first witness in the Senate Commerce Committee inquiry into the oil shortage on the East Coast. Aside from a general lack of candor, there were two main gaps in the prepared statement which he read to the committee and in his answers to the questions asked afterward.

The first was his failure to discuss the question of whether the British really needed the tankers we have given them and whether they will need any more. This inability or unwillingness to provide the answer to a question which is hurting morale on the East Coast was made the more striking by the arrival in this country of the July 26 issue of the *Economist* of London. The *Economist's* figures and conclusions seem to agree with those put forward in the *Wall Street Journal* last June. The *Economist* says that "the accession of Norway and Holland to the Allied cause raised the tanker tonnage at Britain's disposal from approximately 3,000,000 to 6,000,000 tons gross" and that this should be sufficient "for all British requirements, even if the most ample allowance is made for sinkings and delays. . . ."

It is authoritatively reported in Washington that the British are prepared to disclose the full facts on the tanker situation but that the Maritime Commission still refuses to clear the figures as "military secrets." The British case is said to be that while published figures on their tanker tonnage are not too far off on the numbers available, they fail to take into account the slowness of oil convoys, the number of tankers laid up for repairs, and the difficulty and delay in unloading. We do not understand why this cannot be said publicly. The Commons would do British-American relations a good turn by holding an inquiry of its own into the tanker situation, for the British oil companies are as untrustworthy as ours —so untrustworthy that few believe them even when they may be telling the truth.

The most dangerous aspect of the whole situation is that every key post which has to do with oil under Ickes, the Maritime Commission, or the State Department is staffed with men drawn from the oil trust or its legal satellites. The State Department has a new adviser on international oil in Mac W. Thornburg, an official of Bahrein Petroleum, a Persian Gulf company owned by Standard of California and Texaco; and Bahrein has done its share of business with Japan. These oil dollar-a-year men do a good job for their companies but seem of little use to the government in an emergency.

This brings us to the second gap in the story told by Davies—the question of tank-car capacity. On the basis of the figures submitted by Davies and allowing fifteen days for the trip from Texas to New York, 14,000 tank cars would take care of the East Coast's transportation needs. Where are the tank cars? The president of a great railroad is head of the Transportation Division of Defense. He is flanked by an official of the American Association of Railroads and a well-known lobbyist for the big oil companies. Weeks ago a special committee of tank-car men was appointed to look into the situation. Davies said Transportation Coordinator Ralph Budd's estimate of 18,000 tank cars available was merely a "mathematical computation," not an actual count. Is this true? Why is it so hard to obtain the figures?

"This," Davies told the Senate committee, "is the sort of definite information I have continually invited the railroads to supply in support of their generalities, and their failure to produce it is difficult for me to understand. A physical thing such as a tank car, which must be somewhere on a railroad track, ought not to be too hard to find. Yet when one pursues the question of idle equipment with railroad people, one finds a tank car to be one of the most elusive things imaginable."

This would seem to place the blame upon the railroads, and no doubt they deserve part of it. But inquiry at the Interstate Commerce Commission revealed skepticism about this whole tank-car-shortage question. Almost all tank cars are owned not by the railroads but by tank-car companies. Most of the tank-car companies are owned by the oil companies. The biggest was part of the old Standard Oil trust and is still in the Standard Oil family. The oil companies bought tank cars for the same reason that they built pipe lines—they wanted to control the means of transportation and keep the independents out of the market. Davies has grown up in the oil business, in Standard Oil of California. Was he being disingenuous in his discussion of the tank-car problem? Shouldn't the oil companies know even better than the railroads where the tank cars are?

Tank cars are more expensive than tankers, but the three-cent rise in the wholesale price of gasoline in New York harbor is three-quarters of a cent more than the cost of transporting oil by pipe line from Texas to Illinois and by tank car from Illinois to New York. Revived use of the tank car would interfere with the oil companies' campaign for more pipe lines and for priorities for the steel to build them, and pipe lines have a great advantage over tank cars. The independent can't use the pipe line but he can rent a tank car, and increased use of tank cars might bring down the freight rate and thus make it easier for more cut-rate gasoline to get through to market.

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The Judgment of Rosenman

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, August 29

JUDGE SAMUEL M. ROSENMAN has labored—and brought forth a Rube Goldberg gadget. The device embodied in the new Presidential order setting up SPAB—not SPAM, which is another form of bologna—is a fascinating affair of many pulleys, hidden slides, and cogs within cogs. Its purpose was to settle the quarrel between Knudsen and Henderson without hurting the feelings of either, and its most important result was to get Stettinius and Biggers out of the OPM without loss of face to either. We are getting to be very Oriental about these things here in Washington.

When Herbert Hoover was in doubt, which was practically all the time, he would appoint a new commission. When Mr. Roosevelt has to make a decision between two of his subordinates, he ducks the issue by naming a new board and appointing both of them to it. The point to be kept firmly in mind, amidst the newspaper ballyhoo which accompanies defense "shake-ups," is that the new change has nothing to do with the problem of speeding production or ending business-as-usual, and little to do with the problem of providing effective centralized planning for defense. It stems from the controversy between Henderson and Knudsen over the cut in automobile production, and the signs of its origin are plain.

Henderson's OPACS, as established by the President's order, was to decide the allocation among civilian industries of the raw materials left over after military-naval and lease-lend needs had been satisfied. Among the civilian industries is the automobile industry. Knudsen and the corps of General Motors dollar-a-year men who help him run the OPM didn't like the idea of letting someone else decide how much steel should be allocated to their own precious industry. They set up a terrific rumpus, which was reflected in the press by learned articles on the need for centralizing defense, etc., etc. Their real objection to the setup was that they weren't in control of it. Its virtue, from the standpoint of defense efficiency, was that it took a vital decision affecting the automotive and other civilian industries out of the hands of dollar-a-year men from those industries and placed it in independent hands.

It is a little hard to tell just what happens under this new setup. Judge Rosenman was called in by the President, and his main suggestion seems to have been in the tradition of Solomon. He proposed that the quarrel between OPM and OPACS be resolved by cutting Leon Henderson in half and dividing the pieces between them. This seems to have been eagerly agreed to by everybody except Henderson. The price part of the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply remains independent of OPM with Henderson as Price Administrator. The Civilian Supply half of OPACS becomes the Division of Civilian Supply in the OPM. Henderson will be head of the division, as subordinate to Knudsen. To this extent Knudsen won a victory over Henderson, but by a truly wondrous ingenuity Judge Rosenman and the President provided equally for a victory of Henderson over Knudsen.

Over the OPM they set up a Supply Priorities and Allocations Board to fix priorities and allocate supplies of materials, fuel, power, and other commodities. This board is the OPM—Knudsen, Hillman, Stimson, and Knox—plus Henderson, Hopkins, and Wallace, the last as chairman. Henderson's decisions as head of the Division of Civilian Supply will be subject to veto by Knudsen as head of the OPM, but Knudsen's veto as head of the OPM will be subject to a majority vote of SPAB, and a majority vote of SPAB may itself be vetoed by the President. In OPM Henderson will rank below Knudsen. In SPAB he will rank with Knudsen. In the final analysis, the President will have to resolve quarrels between SPAB Knudsen and SPAB Henderson as he has had to do between OPM Knudsen and OPACS Henderson. One or the other will have to go, because one represents business-as-usual and the other represents an attempt to achieve an all-out effort. Judge Rosenman has handed down a brilliant postponement.

The incorrigible optimists here—there aren't many any more—see a great hope in a four-to-three New Deal majority on SPAB. These are the same optimists who told one last year that the President was only waiting until after the election to get rid of the big-business crowd in defense, and that anyway the dollar-a-year men couldn't do much damage because there was a four-to-three New Deal majority on the Defense Commission. That New Deal majority didn't keep the big-business "draftees" from postponing steel and aluminum expansion or from postponing the problem of diverting civilian productive capacity to defense. The work of this board will be done by Knudsen, Hillman, and Henderson. Stimson and Knox have enough to do without bothering with "the allocation of the available supply of materials between the different competing civilian industries." Wallace, with economic warfare in his lap, has enough

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work for several Vice-Presidents. Harry Hopkins has done wonders on a limited supply of strength, but the supply remains limited. Knudsen-Hillman-Henderson will do most of the work, and here—because of the failure to plan for diversion of capacity to defense—fear of priorities unemployment will force Hillman, and labor, to side with Knudsen against Henderson in favor of more generous allocations to ordinary civilian business.

An unknown quantity is the actual authority to be wielded by Donald Nelson as executive director of the board and as Director of Priorities under Knudsen. While the usual dollar-a-year shenanigans have occurred under Nelson in his Division of Purchases as elsewhere in OPM, he himself commands respect. In both executive ability and social intelligence he has shown himself far superior to most of those drawn from the ranks of business. While Nelson will have no vote, he may have a good deal of power as executive director of SPAB. Mr. Roosevelt is a master of surprise and suspense, and we shall see.

The elimination of Stettinius as Director of Priorities and John D. Biggers as Director of Production is a move as welcome as it is belated, but it is a pity that both are soothed with such important assignments. Stettinius, by a last-minute coup in the Bureau of the Budget and the White House, becomes Lease-Lend Administrator instead of merely an assistant to Hopkins, as originally planned. He has no visible qualifications for the tough job of battling the army and navy for greater diversion of war supplies abroad, nor is the chairman of United States Steel likely to be too anxious to give aid to the Soviets. The energetic young New Dealers brought into Lease-Lend by Hopkins are apprehensive. Biggers is made Minister to London in charge of facilitating lease-lend aid to the British. One may be sure that he will not facilitate it at the expense of business-as-usual.

To a Liberal in Office

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

Wiscasset, Maine, August 25

DEAR ———: No matter how good the intentions of a man in public service are when he starts out, I think you'll agree that it's exceedingly difficult for him to avoid leading a double life. While with one side of his mind he's trying to fulfil his duty to his fellow-citizens, with the other he's busy with his career and with the demands of the organized group he belongs to. Only too often the members of the aggregations of men that make up a government lose all contact with the public needs they were got together to serve. Whether a public servant shall be written down as an honest man or a scoundrel depends on what part of his energy and brains goes into selfless work for his constituents in proportion to the part he has to use to make his way in the competitive scramble. Naturally if I didn't think you were an honest man I would not be taking up your time and mine with this letter. Furthermore, I know that through a long train of years you have done your best to throw your weight on the side of free institutions. If I'm not mistaken, it is largely because you proved yourself a conscientious liberal that you reached a position of power and responsibility under the present Administration. I am writing to ask you to stop to think for a moment how your power is being used, and what kind of responsibility you have undertaken in this difficult time toward your fellow-citizens and toward yourself.

It has been said so often that democracy is at stake that the mere repetition of the words has dulled their meaning for us. Nevertheless, it's frighteningly true. It's another commonplace that we are living through one of those periods in history when old institutions are crumbling away and new institutions are being built up. The thing nobody tells us is that what these new institutions will be like depends upon how every man jack of us acquits himself today. It's up to us to ask whether we are letting ourselves be used to build jails or homes for free men.

As Americans our minds were formed in childhood to react favorably to such phrases as liberty, equality of opportunity, freedom of speech, but unfortunately nothing in our schooling gave us any inkling how to apply them to the problems of real life. They were the measuring sticks with which we appraised the world we grew up in. In many cases they tallied so little with the facts we encountered in that world that we tried to rip them out of our minds as old, rotten, sentimental lumber, and to put in their place one of the authoritarian creeds that are turning civilization into a slaughterhouse today. A few of us, and you were one, held on to the old traditions. They took root again in our minds and grew strong enough to become the underpinning of all our political hopes, and of our system of personal ethics.

Now after a period of reform and helterskelter reorganization that has been, in spite of many wrong roads taken, productive of real living good in the national life, the United States finds itself virtually at war. The fact of being at war tends to freeze normal social and political

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processes inside a country. This freezing puts a very grave responsibility on the men in office at the time. Great inflation of the power of the state is inevitable. For the duration public opinion will be able to make itself felt only feebly and negatively. The whole duty of protecting the self-governing system and the liberties that are supposed to be the watchwords of the battle will rest on men already in administrative and political positions. This is the responsibility I am asking you, as a liberal, to face.

The general run of men, organized into any group or gang or institution or government, must necessarily be time servers whose emotions and ideas will be colored by the stronger minds among them. They will tend to behave as their leaders behave. Democracy depends upon the active support of a minority just as much as dictatorship does. The difference is that democracy depends upon a minority able to set for the rest the example of that minimum of civic courage necessary to make self-governing institutions work instead of upon a minority of goons ready to club down opposition to the boss's orders.

We can thank our stars that the men who founded our system of government understood so well the corruption of power, and that in the common law we have a storehouse of inherited techniques for the protection of the individual man. But institutions are continually changing as a result of the uses men put them to. Each temporary distortion leaves its mark. In a time of emergency the temptation to a man in office to get results no matter how is almost overwhelming. It is the business of liberals in positions of power to remember that free institutions depend on the "how" much more than on the results. Democracy is a method of social organization, not an end. War has always meant the triumph of authority; that is why all through our history our statesmen in war time have occasionally neglected efficiency in the totalitarian sense in order to secure liberties at home that were more important to them than transitory victories abroad. If in the present war, out of a blind desire to catch up to the Nazis, we neglect to preserve the democratic process, we shall wake up one morning to find that we've given our blood and paid our taxes in order to fasten on our necks the dominion of a bunch of war lords who speak American instead of German. A doubtful victory!

Already, before we've even started shooting at the enemy, the Administration, which I honestly believe is more devoted to the aims of democracy than any we have had for many decades, has committed a number of acts that tend to put the bases of self-government in jeopardy. The prosecution of the Minnesota truck drivers is so far the outstanding example. On July 15 a federal grand jury handed down in St. Paul, Minnesota, an indictment against twenty-nine men, some leaders and members of Local 544, a union of transportation workers powerful in the Northwest, and the rest members of the tiny group of the followers of the murdered Trotsky that goes under the name of the Socialist Workers' Party. The indictment was handed down under a Civil War statute that has never been brought out before, and under the new Smith Act, which I believe was aimed at the subversive activities of the agents of foreign governments. The men are charged with conspiracy to overthrow the United States government by force and violence.

Let's assume that it's all perfectly legal, that the Department of Justice believes these men intended to rise in insurrection, and that it has a right to stretch a point or two to accomplish the useful purpose of restraining them. Is it wise to take this moment, when the Administration is trying to unify the country for a mighty effort, for this particular prosecution? Let us even assume that a few thousand Trotskyist Marxist sectarians scattered over the country can be a danger to the government of the United States at a time when the Department of Justice itself has more employees than the Trotskyists have adherents. What I want to ask you is: which is more dangerous to that survival of the democratic process in this country for which I am sure you would gladly lay down your life—the uprising of a few fanatics who control a single local of a trade union or a situation in which the government undermines at home those four freedoms for which it is asking the nation to make every sacrifice abroad?

You must remember the Palmer raids, the deportations delirium, the crushing of the I. W. W., the Sacco-Vanzetti case, all the terrible perversions of justice after the last war that made American democracy a mockery to a whole generation of young men. Is it all going to happen again? Is the same lack of whole-hearted principle that wrecked Woodrow Wilson's crusade to set the world straight going to destroy the present Administration too? A great deal of the history of the next few years depends on whether the Administration will recognize that it has made a mistake in this one case. If it is allowed to go ahead, the prestige of government will become involved in getting these men in jail and keeping them there. And a precedent will have been set that bodes ill for this country's liberties.

Well, you say, suppose you are right, what can one man do about it? We must keep our eyes on the great aims of the Administration and admit that in war time we have to do things that we don't quite like. That argument has been the refuge of officialdom from Pontius Pilate down. It just does not hold water. It is to make these decisions that a man is chosen for the public service. During the last war while some officials were busy tearing down the American system, a few others were doing their best to build it up. In the end the structure of self-government was tough enough to stand those strains and the great depression too. Where the present moment differs from 1917 is that now the traditions of our system

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are weaker than they were then. Although there has been more vocal expression of them recently than in any period since the great years of this country's founding, the average man still has a hard time connecting the principles of democracy with his daily life. In this immensely confusing time it is impossible to evoke from the mass of unthinking men the passionate automatic response to the old war cries that came in 1917. Furthermore, the national life is honeycombed with political groups such as the Communists and the Coughlinites, highly confusing in their line of talk and vowed to the destruction of the democratic method. They will continue to be a danger until that method has had time again to prove its practical worth.

Meanwhile we can't afford to lose any ground. The great successes of the despotic systems have been based on the fact that the democracies did not have the single-mindedness or the courage to advance to the attack. For a long time to come we are going to continue fighting against despotism with one hand tied behind our backs. The conviction of these union leaders in St. Paul in a case where even the language of the indictment has the peculiar twist of Stalin's famous frame-ups in Moscow will be a severe moral blow to the American cause. The heavens won't fall, you say. It won't be the first time that men have been framed in this country or that the majority of men have stood by and seen injustice done. But the effects will snowball. We musn't forget that in France the heavens did fall. The great reason for the success of the despotisms has been that they are as wholehearted in their work as a gangster in the middle of a holdup. They can be routed by a democracy that is wholeheartedly, even recklessly, for freedom. Can't we be as reckless on the right side as they are on the wrong?

Perhaps I'm the one who is wrong in thinking it is because of their honesty and frank speaking that the defendants in this case now find themselves in jeopardy rather than because of anything really subversive in their actions. Perhaps the Department of Justice is right in contending that so small a group can really be a nuisance to American institutions. In any case the Administration is risking more than can possibly be gained. I am writing you this letter to try to get you to step for a moment out of the peculiar exigencies of your official position. At a time when we are asking our young men to give up the best years of their lives, and possibly their lives entire, to national defense, it is hardly too much to ask a public official to remember that he is a citizen before he is an official and that he must decide for himself whether his actions are tending to the defense or the destruction of the Republic. If this were not a time of grave peril it would be insufferable effrontery for me to sit here in a quiet room in a shady retired village writing a letter asking you to go sit on a park bench and make this decision—you who are working fourteen hours a day in a Washington office, straining every nerve to do what you can in that precarious daily piling of average on slippery average which is the best victory a man can hope for who is trying to accomplish something through the directed work of groups of other men. But in every train of events there is a moment when one decision determines a long future. This, it seems to me, is one of the times when a man has to speak his mind.

Lisbon: Europe's Gangplank

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Lisbon, by Mail

THE Dixie Clipper brought us smoothly over the ocean and taxied up the swift, broad Tagus River to unload its passengers. Some Portuguese men and women were leaning against a fence near the dock; they smiled. Their faces, I thought, said, "Queer people, to be coming to Europe when all of Europe wants to go to America."

If you glance at the map, Spain and Portugal look like Europe's gangplank. The gangplank is crowded with people whom fascism is squeezing out of Europe but who have not yet been able to obtain a ship and a visa for the free world across the water. For them, every day is a gamble: odd or even, red or black, Hitler or a visa, seventeen or eighteen on the roulette wheel, the Nazis or a berth on a vessel? Hundreds of them play their luck each night in the casino at Estoril, an hour outside Lisbon.

This casino is the last international. Where else does a German with a saber gash on his cheek sit elbow to elbow with an Englishman? When the West Point disgorged the German and Italian consuls into Portugal, high Nazi officials, led by Hans Dieckhoff, ex-ambassador at Washington, met them at the gangplank, and the next evening they flipped their chips at Estoril. A Nazi official, with the typical short-cropped Prussian head, bent over to place his bet on No. 33; as he straightened up, his coat brushed the shoulder of a dark woman who sat next to him. Her eyes were deep and brown, and I had watched her biting her finger nails. "Pardon," the Nazi

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exclaimed, "pardon, Mademoiselle," and bowed sharply from the waist. The girl was Jewish, from Warsaw. He had sent many like her to the concentration camp. Perhaps he had sent her to the gangplank.

The Nazis had brought their women folk. One *Hausfrau* in diplomatic chic won frequently, and each time she put the big chips she won into her purse and played with the little ones. Finally she said to her husband, "Now I've had enough. Let's go and cash in." In leaving they passed a group of Nazis whom America had declared *personae non gratae*. "Heil Hitler," they said. "Heil Hitler," came the reply, and stiff Nazi salutes were exchanged.

Ex-Ambassador Dieckhoff stood against a wall and chatted with colleagues. When he smiled in his best effeminate way, his cheeks filled out and became like flasks. I looked at these Nazis, the men and the gawky women and thought to myself, "Are these the breeders of the 'master race'?" The cold eyes of the men seemed to say, "Next victim!"; the women were ugly and subservient.

Suddenly there was a brief, shrill shriek succeeded by a dull thud. The Warsaw girl had fainted and fallen to the floor. The Nazis quit the table. When the girl revived, she felt weak and embarrassed. I invited her to the bar for a drink.

When the Nazis attacked Poland, she was in Paris studying art. Her father, mother, and four brothers were then in Warsaw. She had not heard from them since. After the fall of France she fled to Spain and finally to Portugal. An uncle in Cleveland sent her some money, and a Latin American consul with whom she went out several times promised her a visa to his country for $100. Yesterday she brought him the money, but he said he did not want her money and did not want her to go away. He wanted her to stay in Portugal with him until he was ready to return home on vacation. So she had gambled last night on her $100 and won $72. This evening she had lost the $172. She cried a bit as she told the story. But then her face grew stern, and she said: "I will fight it through. Two artist friends of mine have committed suicide in the last eight weeks. I will see it through. But I will not gamble any more." I did not tell her that an American correspondent whom I knew had won $4,000 in one night at Lisbon. Fortunately, he had to fly to London the next morning and had no chance to lose it.

The Japanese appear to be the most nervous gamblers and the White Russians the most serious. The anti-Nazi Germans whisper; the Nazi Germans speak the loudest. There were some American pilots and officials, too, just off the clipper, at this gangplank international. They played the most light-heartedly, chucking in a few dollars for the sensation and then going home to bed.

I had a "go" at the roulette wheel. I discovered that when I played the stakes I could afford I got no kick out of it, and when I risked higher sums I got plenty of excitement but lost more than was healthy for my pocketbook. So after a fling I reverted to my usual role of "impartial observer," and studied faces, especially eyes, and fingers. The winner is not the person who guesses the right number but who knows when to go home. I noticed how often people rose to leave, counted their chips, then wandered around looking things over, and finally, hesitantly, took a seat at another table. Many of them have lost home, country, family, career, wealth, friends, all connections, and a lot of hope. They stand, precariously, between Hitler and the deep black sea. Perhaps the flip of a card or a turn of the wheel will bring fortune. More often it does the opposite.

A Belgian countess, fleeing before the Nazi blitz, motored through France and Spain to Lisbon. That was in June, 1940. The same month a French industrialist, summering at Biarritz, avoided capture by the Germans by sailing his yacht around Cape Finisterre to Lisbon. Here they met a Japanese career diplomat whose pro-British attitude had cost him his job. One day a Scottish sea captain was fished out of the water off Portugal after his ship had gone down with a Nazi submarine's torpedo in it. The four were now having a quiet game of bridge at Estoril. The captain, smoking a pipe, explained that they all planned to cross the ocean soon in the Frenchman's yacht and make their homes in Trinidad.

One evening I met George Weller, who was booked to leave the next morning by ship for the mouth of the Congo. From there he would cross Africa to Brazzaville to interview General de Gaulle for his paper, the Chicago *Daily News*. A British journalist was heading for Cairo. He would then go to Palestine, Syria, and Turkey in the hope of making his way to Moscow to cover the Russo-German war. Raymond Gram Swing flew into Lisbon that same day from England to take the clipper for New York. A German Jew whose wife and child had preceded him to America arrived from Berlin with a United States visa and money for a steamer ticket. He gave us details about the effect of recent R. A. F. bombings. He said the Russian war had depressed the German people, and they were eager for peace. His own tale was one of woe: the American consulate had told him that his visa would not be honored unless he could prove that he had no relatives in Germany. How could he, in a strange land, prove the negative?

Nazi agents in Lisbon were trying to buy diamonds for Germany's war industries. Italians shuttled between Portugal and Brazil and Peru, where Mussolini's influence is strongest. British secret-service men watched their comings and goings. A Spanish priest, about to depart on a mission to Latin America, confided to friends that General Franco was packing the largest possible number of Phalangist hotheads into the Spanish Legion

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to fight against the Soviet army. The more of these he got rid of, the easier it would be for the old-style conservatives and landlords and army generals to rule Spain. "There has been hunger," the priest admitted, "but we always have had hunger in Spain." I asked him about Germans in Spain. He replied, "We are the only peaceful vacation land in Europe. German officers, tired from the war, come to us as tourists." He did not laugh.

The war has made Lisbon the crossroads and listening-post of a crazy world.

Kilowatt Battlefront

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Bonneville, Oregon, August 27

AT LEAST a third of the nation's expanded aluminum output, according to a decision of the Office of Production Management, must be produced on the banks of the Columbia River, which locks in its swift reaches more water power than any other four American rivers combined. In the background of this decision is a bitter three-cornered struggle for control of a practically inexhaustible source of electrical energy, a source capable of the amazing total of 114 billion kilowatt-hours. The participants in the struggle are the private utility companies, the Department of the Interior, and the advocates of a Columbia Basin Authority patterned after the TVA. The conflict is now nearing a showdown.

Grave shortages in power confront the country. In the Pacific Northwest, however, the situation is not the same as elsewhere. There only one thing is needed—additional generating equipment to wedge below the concrete penstock chutes already built at Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams. With sufficient equipment, Grand Coulee is capable of producing more electricity than the 558 water-power plants, including Niagara, in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio. High mountains and heavy rainfall form a combination in the Northwest which eclipses any power potentialities elsewhere. The great Dnieperstroy Dam in Russia has but a quarter the capacity of Coulee. Eventually, according to *Fortune,* if the riddle of long-distance transmission of electricity is solved, the Columbia River may move the wheels of industry everywhere in America. Richard S. Reynolds of the Reynolds Metals Company, which has entered the Northwest as a competitor of the Aluminum Company of America, believes that the Columbia Basin "is destined inevitably to become the aluminum and light-metal capital of the world." That the needed generators are not on hand is due in part to the unrelenting warfare carried on by the power companies, which as late as the summer of 1939 declared: "It becomes more and more apparent that Bonneville is an enormously costly white elephant. The great dam isn't selling enough power to keep even a small stand-by plant busy."

While aluminum factories are building twenty-four hours a day along the Columbia's shores, a final decision impends in the struggle for sovereignty over the power resources of the region. For several years the marketing of federal power from the Columbia has been handled by a provisional agency in the Department of the Interior. Congress is now about to set up a permanent authority, either an independent agency like TVA or a bureau under Secretary Ickes. Liberals are sharply split over the two proposals. Utility companies and their political confederates do not want either, but will accept whichever they think will be the more ineffective. Many of the utilities, themselves owned in New York, would prefer to have Bonneville and Grand Coulee turned over to the states of Oregon and Washington in order to preserve local autonomy.

The main provision of any permanent legislation for the Columbia Basin would be a $200,000,000 revolving fund with which utility systems in the area could be bought out, lock, stock, and barrel. At present scattered public-power districts, operated by farmers busy trying to combat insects, weather, and shifting markets, are practically helpless. They cannot match the bargaining power of the companies. For bond-issue elections they have no money, while the companies can pour thousands into the campaign. Nor is piecemeal purchase of a private system fair either to the purchasers or to the investors in the company. Utility executives who stand to lose fat jobs do not want the $200,000,000 appropriated; stockholders in the companies do.

President Roosevelt thinks Bonneville and Grand Coulee should be operated by one man responsible to Secretary Ickes. His experience with Dr. Arthur Morgan in the TVA is said to have made him despair of finding three men who will stay in the game when the chips are really down. To one proponent of a three-member Columbia Basin Authority like the TVA, the President is said to have replied, "Will Knute Hill and Charlie Leavy and Walter Pierce resign from the House and be the three men?" Of course these New Deal Congressmen are not available for the positions; but Mr. Ickes is. The President and those around him take the attitude

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that the Secretary's zeal for the public interest and his courage under attack have been demonstrated many times, and that these are the primary qualifications for waging the power fight.

Ickes believes that a three-member board would develop into a "debating society," and some of his adherents contend off the record that David Lilienthal of the TVA was bested by Wendell Willkie in the matter of the price paid for the Tennessee properties of Commonwealth and Southern. The principal feather in Ickes's cap since his recent forays into the Northwest is the fact that his refusal to sell extra Bonneville power to Alcoa made it possible for Reynolds Metals to build a competing aluminum plant in the region. For this he was angrily condemned as a "tyrant" by Oregon's Republican Governor, Charles A. Sprague; Washington's Republican Governor, Arthur B. Langlie, wisely kept silent, and the Reynolds plant was built in the state of Washington.

It is significant that one of the leading supporters of a Bonneville–Grand Coulee bureau under Ickes is Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon, Republican minority spokesman and Willkie's running-mate in 1940. McNary is the foremost Republican in the Northwest. Some believe he looks ahead to 1944, when a G. O. P. Secretary of the Interior may be appointed. McNary, however, has always worked closely with the White House on questions affecting his home state. The President wrote him recently insisting that the big dams be managed by an agency in the Department of the Interior, and McNary concurred in substance.

Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, most distinguished of all the public-power advocates, wants a regional authority like his TVA. When he was in the Northwest campaigning for Mr. Roosevelt last fall, Senator Norris said emphatically that an independent organization should have control of the vast resources of the Columbia River. He suggested the TVA as a model. Senator Homer T. Bone of Washington, also a public-power proponent, takes a similar position. These men contend that the TVA has been one of the great accomplishments of the New Deal; R. L. Duffus in the New York *Times* recently described it as a glorious asset to the defense program. If the TVA has been a success, ask its sponsors, why should not its type of organization be extended to the Far West, where there are similar conditions and projects?

In the dim background lurks still another consideration. Bonneville and Grand Coulee under Ickes, some persons believe, might be a threat to the TVA itself. Of all the federal dams in America—and they number in the hundreds now—only those in the Tennessee Valley and a few operated by army engineers would remain outside the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior. On several occasions all the prestige and influence of Senator Norris have been needed to keep the TVA an independent agency. Bonneville and Grand Coulee in a similar setup would help guarantee the continued independence of the TVA; their control by the Interior Department might have an opposite effect.

Support for a Columbia Basin Authority also comes from liberal planning experts like B. H. Kizer of Spokane and Dick Fabrick of Montana, who have backed the President on practically all domestic and foreign policies. These men believe some degree of home rule is essential and disapprove of the highly centralized organization of the Department of the Interior. They maintain that Ickes's subordinates in the Northwest would be mere messenger boys. They think this challenges individuality and independence, and their opinion is upheld by many of the public-ownership groups in Oregon and Washington. The granges of both Oregon and Washington, on the other hand, long committed to public power, went on record at their annual conventions in favor of a bureau under Mr. Ickes. Ray W. Gill, master of the Oregon Grange, asks, "If Secretary Ickes can run the Bureau of Reclamation and the National Park Service with efficiency and honesty, why can't he operate Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams?"

This controversy, of nearly two years' duration already, has served only the utility companies, which want no permanent legislation for the federal projects in the Northwest. In fact, the utilities are arguing now that an all-inclusive setup adequately financed would be a serious peril to national defense. Their real aim appears to be a state of anarchy in which the dams would not be managed at all. In Oregon their political satellites inveigh against operation of the projects by Ickes, whereas a recent Republican visitor to the Northwest, Governor Carr of Colorado, delivered lengthy speeches on the iniquities of regional authorities like the TVA. Among the people of the Columbia Basin sentiment seems fairly evenly divided as between an independent authority and the Department of the Interior.

In the meantime, Paul J. Raver, the present Bonneville administrator, is doing a good job after a shaky start. He is realistic and tough-minded and gets things done. The task of furnishing power to some of the biggest aluminum and light-metal plants in the world is primarily his.

The location of the new plants casts a revealing light on one aspect of the New Deal. When President Roosevelt dedicated Bonneville Dam in 1937, he said he hoped the resulting factories would be built in small towns and not concentrated in big centers of population. He deplored any "new Pittsburghs" in the West. Huge aluminum factories have just been constructed in the Columbia River towns of Vancouver (population 17,766) and Longview (population 10,652). None of the aluminum plants have gone to the metropolises of Portland and Seattle. The next big one is to be built at Cascade Locks, Oregon (population 457).

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How the French People Feel

BY MICHAEL CLARK

THE circumstances of my recent two months' detention in occupied France as a member of the British-American Ambulance Corps' unlucky African unit were in some ways favorable for gaining an impression of the present temper of the French people. Although the Germans kept us more or less confined a large part of the time, conversation with civilians was usually permitted, and we spoke with a great many people. Furthermore, since we were known to be American volunteers—it was even rumored that we had been intending to serve with the forces of General de Gaulle, though we were careful to keep this dark—the attitude toward us of the people we met reflected their attitude toward the war. That is why the almost incredible kindness which we everywhere encountered is significant. Although well lodged by the Germans and given German army rations, which meant that we ate more substantially than the French, still we were looked upon as *malheureux,* and any number of French people went out of their way to make our lot more pleasant.

During our month's stay in Biarritz—we were later removed to the town of Lure in Franche Comté—not only did merchants sell us bread and biscuits without food tickets, but our French friends brought us tea (which has absolutely disappeared from the French market), chocolate, fruit, biscuits, yogurt, cheese, books, and many other things which, because of the restrictions, we would have found difficult or impossible to procure. Still more encouraging was the tenacious hope and confidence of nearly everyone that England and the United States would eventually put an end to the Nazi nightmare.

Among fascist-minded Frenchmen—unfortunately we met a few—we found quite a different attitude. Of us they said in effect, "These 'ambulance drivers' are virtually soldiers; if they are caught and held by the Germans, it serves them right for sticking their necks out." "Your country has treated France despicably," they told us. And if France, having been defeated because Great Britain and the United States withheld their aid, has chosen a new course compatible with its national interest and destiny, Americans, they maintained, have no right to complain. In addition to the out-and-out fascists there were a larger number of people, many of them functionaries, who, feeling that a German-dominated Continent was inevitable, seemed prepared to make the best of the policy of collaboration.

From the moment of our arrival in Biarritz we sensed the people's hope in British victory and their intense desire to rid themselves of the Nazi yoke. The very first person with whom I fell into conversation, a retired officer in the colonial army, told me what I heard many times in the next two months—that if only American troops could manage to land somewhere on the coast, the whole population would fly to their support. From him also I got a clear idea of the vital role of the B. B. C., of the extent to which the London broadcasts are relied upon by countless Frenchmen for news of what is going on in the world. The B. B. C. news bulletins make it impossible for the German-controlled press and radio to conceal news of any importance.

In talking with this man I learned also of the recent growth of anti-Semitism in France. During the months I had spent in France shortly before the outbreak of the war I had found very little of it, but it appears that in this respect German propaganda has had some effect. My army friend told me with conviction that the Jews, having always in their control of finance put their own interest before that of the nation, had accomplished the destruction of France.

During our first ten days in Biarritz, while the other American survivors of the Zam Zam were still with us, we had the freedom of the town. It was then that we met the kind people who later, when we were confined, visited us daily, brought us food, and talked to us through the bars of our garden fence. Through them, until the very end of our stay in Biarritz we were kept in touch with what was being said and thought in the town. When it was reported, for example, that Darlan, on a visit to Beauvais during a recent speech-making tour, found the population so hostile that he thought it prudent to leave hurriedly without appearing in public, we were among the first to hear of it. It even came to our ears that angry Parisians had lately thrown De Brinon into the Seine! Whether or not such rumors had any basis in fact we had no way of knowing; but if they only represented wishful thinking, they are still interesting.

In Biarritz we met a number of attractive girls who, since the occupation, had had little occasion for gaiety. One of them, who had resolved not to dance a step until every German soldier was out of the country, made an exception for us. After we were confined to our hotel, she used to come on her bicycle and, from the street, not caring whether the guards were near or not, tell us the latest B. B. C. news from the Syrian front. On the day we left, when we were being loaded into trucks to

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be taken to the railway station, so many friends came to say goodby that it amounted to a demonstration.

Hardly had we arrived in Lure when an incident made us realize that here, far in the interior of France, the spirit of the people was just as we had found it on the coast. As a health measure we were to be allowed daily walks under guard. On our first walk, as we were approaching the neighboring village of Magny-Vernois, we heard the sound of a wagon coming up the road behind us. It belonged, we discovered later, to the proprietor of a little *buvette* somewhere out in the country who was returning from Lure with a supply of beer. We stood aside to let him pass. But when he got a little distance ahead of us, he stopped his wagon and waited for us to catch up. "You must be the unfortunate Americans," he said; "you shall have some beer." And he pulled a case down from the wagon. We protested that we had no money, but he was so determined that we each took a bottle while our two guards looked on.

The tailor of Lure refused to take any money for repairing our clothes, which were in pretty bad condition by this time, and even made us accept two pairs of trousers as a gift. Persons often approached us—at some danger to themselves—with offers of help in escaping, and indeed the three men who did escape could hardly have done so without help from the French.

In general, occupied France is disarmed, but we heard of one village, and unquestionably there are others, where arms of all sorts, left by the retreating French troops last year, are now carefully hidden away in cellars and attics in anticipation of the day when they can be used.

The Haute-Saône, the department of which Lure is the *sous-préfecture,* is a potato region, and the Colorado beetle (in French *doryphore*) is a serious worry. The Germans since their arrival have been popularly known as *doryphores.*

Much has been written, and accurately for the most part, of the correct behavior of the German troops of occupation. Yet we sometimes heard about ugly incidents, and certainly there are elements in the situation which may lead to trouble. The French hate the Boches, and I doubt that a basis of understanding can be created by the respective propaganda ministries. The German soldiers add to the difficulty by an offensive attitude of superiority. Our guards told us continually that everything was infinitely better in the Fatherland than in France. They expressed great scorn for Frenchmen, who, they said, do nothing but sit in cafes all day long while the women work. "In Germany," they boasted, "everyone works; it is magnificent."

The army of occupation seems to be made up largely of second-rate troops and includes—if our guards were any indication—many older men and fathers of families. These want the war to end as soon as possible so that they may return to their homes. When the news of the German declaration of war against Russia came over the radio, our guards showed no enthusiasm. A lad of eighteen, however, told us that he would give almost everything to be in Russia at that moment, because a glorious German victory was about to be won there.

Some of our guards were considerate, even friendly; others were quite the opposite. When we learned in Biarritz that we were to leave for somewhere, a facetious guard, knowing our anxiety, informed us that our destination would be Lisbon. We did not give up hope that this might be true until we were actually on the railway platform under a sign which read "Direction Bordeaux." Then we were told by another guard that we were going to Germany, and the gloomy prospect of spending the duration in a concentration camp stayed with us until we were deposited finally at Lure in front of the Hotel de France. We could never discover what the Germans really intended to do with us. Finally, when we believed that all the American diplomatic and consular representatives in occupied France had left, many of us lost all hope of returning to the United States before the end of the war. But already it had been known in New York for several days that we would return on the West Point.

In the Wind

WHO FIRST? A speaker identified only as "Lingui" addressed a meeting sponsored by the America First Committee in an Italian section of New York. "Rome," he said, "is destined to be the capital of the world as it once was centuries ago."

ISAAC PENNYPACKER, a Philadelphian who served as chairman of a recent Lindbergh–America First meeting, is being sued by Carl C. Countryman for plagiarism. Mr. Countryman claims that he was the first American to say America First.

MOST REPORTS from Europe indicate that the Germans have been fairly successful in neutralizing the "V" campaign by adopting the symbol themselves. Authorities in unoccupied France, however, have found the going more difficult. When the V's first made their appearance in Vichy territory, *Gringoire,* a pro-Nazi weekly, suggested that every loyal citizen add a P to every V he saw, meaning Vive Pétain! Wherever this was done, anti-Nazi Frenchmen placed RS before VP.

BRAZILIAN LIBERALS are planning to open an anti-Nazi museum in Porto Alegre, heart of the German-colonized section.

BEFORE LEAVING for the Soviet Union, Ralph Ingersoll, publisher of *PM,* visited Constantine Oumansky, Russian ambassador to this country. Ingersoll expressed his admiration for Soviet resistance, but said he did not approve of the American Communist Party. "Don't mention them to me," said Oumansky; "they're spoiling everything."

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Sacrifices for Defense

"IT'S nuts," the young man in greasy dungarees said. It seemed that way to the customer, too. But to Washington the initial failure of plans for saving gasoline on the eastern seaboard seemed to indicate some sort of apathy on the part of the people—an unwillingness to make even slight sacrifices for national security. The President quoted Lincoln as a sort of advocate of sacrifices. Mr. Knudsen spoke in sadness of the absence of a national spirit which would absolutely assure American leadership in productive power. "What's the matter with the people?" succeeded in high places the query, "What's the matter with the selectees?" And my answer is: Nothing, except that so far appeals for sacrifices from Washington have almost seemed plans for confusion.

At the time of this writing, so far as I can gather at filling stations, the chief result of the gasoline-saving program has been the growth of a public conviction that Washington is apt to go off half-cocked on plans which touch the people as individuals. Furthermore, in a land with the freest press in the world and the largest number of government "information men" in its history, confidence in the facts made public and in the necessity of decrees issued is at an amazingly low ebb. Perhaps it is not amazing; so far the appeals for public participation in sacrifices for security have almost universally had cockeyed aspects. The people are willing to make sacrifices, but they have reached the point where they feel justified in wondering whether the sacrifices make sense.

First was that program to save kilowatts for making aluminum, which began after the long drought in the South. It resulted in voluntary adoption of daylight-saving time in rural states which had not had it before; but the daylight saving began after torrential rains had come and hydroelectric plants were spilling surplus water over their dams. Also, people found that Washington, D. C., stayed on standard time, which may have been all right from the power point of view but did not help the public reaction.

Then we began to collect aluminum. There was hardly a village in America which did not have its pen for pots. But the men in charge seemed almost deliberately taught that the government did not know what it was doing, and the system of collection was changed by telegram from Washington in the middle of the campaign. OPM and OCD forgot to check with each other, apparently, until after the program began. The aluminum collection seemed a local triumph over national confusion.

Then gasoline: it began with failure, even with a rush to greater consumption. It even began as a sort of national campaign based on the unofficial slogan that "you'd better get all the gasoline you can before dark." Washington instituted a sort of race to the tanks by a program of indefinite reductions accompanied by threats of uncertain rationing. The one thing it did not create was public faith in public fairness in sacrifice. Maybe you can't blame Washington for filling-station gossip. Certainly all of Washington's great information forces did not allay it. Around the tanks they said: (1) that the whole business was a plan by which the oil companies were going to get pipe lines in spite of the protests of the railroads; (2) that the whole business was a plan by which the big oil companies were going to kill off the independents; (3) that the whole business was a system for running the little filling stations out of business. Furthermore, at the very time when automobile owners were urged not to take their kids out for an unnecessary ride, the President took his kids to the meeting with Churchill in the mid-Atlantic. That didn't require any more fuel oil, but it did add to national conversation in the filling stations and everywhere else.

Say it was all silly talk, as silly as some of that indulged in once around the cracker barrels in the country stores. The important thing is that filling stations have become the centers that country stores once were, and the things said in them are the things which shape the sentiment of America. At the outset, in the filling stations, I think the gasoline-saving program, as conducted, did a great deal more damage than good. Not only was petroleum not saved, but more public confidence in Washington's good sense in detailed planning was lost.

This is hardly a time when we can afford such a loss. I agree with the President and Mr. Knudsen in their feeling for the necessity of a sterner national spirit in this disturbing national hour. But if the trouble is a lapse in the character of Americans, no speeches are going to save us. Not even the testimony of Abraham Lincoln from the grave will set us on a course of strength and destiny again. Fortunately, I think, the trouble is not with the people. For America they will be ready with both strength and sacrifice. But it is time Washington began to do less complaining about the country and to give more attention to the content of the country's complaints. Swapping confusion for confidence has not worked yet.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Monopoly and Defense

BUSINESS AS USUAL: THE FIRST YEAR OF DEFENSE. By I. F. Stone. Modern Age Books. $2.

DEFENSE production lags; a crisis looms in the civilian-goods industries; the world's mightiest industrial nation has not done as much as it could to throw its economic weight against the Nazis? Why? A large part of the answer is given in I. F. Stone's timely book, which piles facts and analyses upon one another to support the unassailable conclusion: monopoly in industry and defense, with its fear of production and its love of big profits, has held up the economic defense effort. Every American should know the story that Stone tells—and tells with superb journalistic skill. The facts he presents endanger our democratic future as well as victory in the war against Hitlerism.

The story may be broken down into six chapters. The beginnings of national defense were hampered by a sitdown strike of capital in the summer of 1940, when France had crashed, Britain was in dire peril, and America was determined to rearm. Monopoly big business, led by the aircraft corporations—which were already making from 25 to 50 per cent profit on the book value of their stock—refused to accept defense orders until Congress enacted "favorable" legislation on taxation of profits and amortization. "The strategy of the aviation companies," writes Stone, "was to sit tight, continue to refuse to build planes." The strike was not over until October—with a loss of many planes that might have been built. (Small business organizations supported the monopoly attitude, and they now pay the price in a desperate struggle to survive the economic dislocations created largely by monopoly.)

Monopoly business opposed government building of new armament plants except on terms favorable to its own interests. The general attitude was expressed by that of one shipbuilding corporation which refused to lease and operate a plant the government would build and pay for unless ownership was given to the corporation! No defense production, in other words, except on terms that would promote monopoly profits and power.

Monopoly refused to add to the capacity to produce strategic materials, among them aluminum and steel, and the present disastrous shortages are the result. Stone tells the story—it is an unbelievable one unless you know the nature of monopoly—of how the Aluminum Company of America, which has earned as high as 46 per cent a year on its stock, tried to prevent greater production of aluminum. It used lies, intrigue, and political pressure to block the far-seeing Reynolds, of Reynolds Metals, in his plans to build aluminum plants and to obtain RFC financing for such plants. Manufacturers of aluminum products who were planning to produce aluminum were denied supplies; Alcoa insisted it could supply all the aluminum needed and that there would be no shortage, although already airplane plants were being forced to slow down because they could not get enough. Monopoly stifled the "free enterprise" its apologists praise.

Monopoly corporations, a handful of whom got 75 per cent of all defense orders, refused to make use of all existing productive facilities through subcontracting. Less than a quarter of the nation's plants received orders, with the result that large amounts of machine tools and skilled labor and many plants went unused. The Labor Division of OPM wanted to spread defense orders but it had no power.

Many corporations refused to go over to defense work. The most serious and scandalous case was that of the automobile industry, which had also fought the War Industries Board to a finish in 1917 and refused to produce for war. Automobile corporations made more cars and more profits than ever in 1940-1941, and used millions of tons of steel, aluminum, copper, and other strategic materials. The financial top-administrators fought every proposal, including the Reuther plan, to use the automobile industry's vast resources for defense. Yet informed, dispassionate opinion agreed with a confidential report of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce that "the automobile industry is the outstanding major industry capable of producing a much larger volume of defense materials."

Finally, monopoly big business got its representatives into the National Advisory Commission and its successor, the OPM. Their "lifelong allegiances" made them think of protecting monopoly interests rather than of defense production: they denied easily foreseen shortages, opposed expansion of productive capacity, pampered the automobile industry. The honorable exceptions prove the rule.

Changes have been made in the economic defense setup: the worst business representatives have gone; productive capacity is being increased; small business is promised subcontracts. But much more needs to be done. And more needs to be done, too, in one field that Stone ignores, the field of civilian production, where breakdown, shortages, and unemployment may seriously impair morale.

Stone concludes: "An economy dominated by restrictionist monopolies is not capable of an 'all-out' effort until it has broken the monopolies. . . . A struggle for reorganization of our economy is essential to a successful struggle against Hitlerism, at home and abroad." Bevin said it for Britain a year ago: "Big business failed to deliver the goods in our hour of need, and we've got to build a new order." Radicals? Listen to what the London *Economist,* a liberal business journal, said in June, 1940, about the British experience during the first year of defense:

> The feudal setup of big business has transformed industrial self-government into a conspiracy against production and trade, national well-being and defense. It is admirable for obtaining "security" and remunerative profits—at the cost of an irreducible general unemployment. It is emphatically not a setup that can give the country wealth in peace or strength in war. To produce is the one thing that our costive neo-feudalism of big business has the most difficulty in doing. We must at all costs end it.

LEWIS COREY

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Tagore

RABINDRANATH TAGORE was the only man of letters, the single public figure, who could be regarded as a personal bridge between the West and the modern Orient. During the past forty years—from, let us say, Yoni Noguchi to Lin Yutang—a number of Chinese and Japanese writers have gained recognition in the English-speaking countries. Tagore's achievement went far beyond that. Within a very short term of years he conquered a world audience, was translated into a score of languages, addressed meetings in three continents, collected honorary degrees, and in English, not always through translations, made a reputation in various fields besides poetry, drama, and prose fiction. There are very few critics in Europe competent to judge any imaginative work in his native tongue, Bengali. These few, however, affirm that Tagore belongs to the company of truly great poets.

Tagore had all the advantages of ancestry and wealth and position. His family is of the Brahman caste, with a long record in scholarship and public service, and without the handicap of extreme Hindu orthodoxy, for the strict ties of caste were decisively broken long ago. The Tagores comprise a family sub-caste of their own. The poet's father was the second founder and prophet of the Brahmo Somaj, the reformed Hindu church of Bengal, which in its first stage of growth reached numerical strength enough to make a distinct community in Bengal, socially liberal and providing a nursery for the professions. Tagore was to the end a devoted servant of the Somaj.

I had the good fortune of making his acquaintance in Calcutta some years before the sudden burst of his European fame. He seemed to me then an almost perfect example of the Indian man of letters and the cultivated citizen. He was active in educational and other affairs and was beautiful in looks and bearing, wholly unaffected in manner and dressed always in the appropriate white of the Bengali gentleman. I have never known a personal transformation more complete than that of Tagore. As though in anticipation of the celebrity awaiting him, he allowed hair and beard to grow and put on a full-flowing tawny robe of his own design. It was an incarnation of the antique poet-seer who captured London in 1912. Tagore looked and played the part, and then made a startling appearance in America. There has rarely been a greater success on the lecture platform than that of his first tour, or, for a man of high distinction, a sharper disappointment than the last.

It was, of course, the Nobel prize for literature that insured his triumph. The award in 1913 was a complete surprise to the world, for the committee had nothing to go upon save a single small volume of translated lyrics, "Gitanjali" (Song Offerings), and the poet's legendary renown in his own land. His literary fortune was made overnight, although his peculiar glory was not attained until after 1919. Italy and Germany in especial avidly swallowed Tagore (his lyrics and plays go well into both languages). His sales for a time were enormous, and in Berlin he enjoyed an apotheosis. The theory was that the people, sick of Prussianism, were longing for something as remote as possible from blood and steel—a short-lived illusion, if ever there was one. Tagore, by the way, is continually being described as a mystic. The label is not too accurate. I should call him an Indo-European romantic.

He earned the credit of an admirable all-round citizen. He was trained in the management of the family estates. His school at Bolpur, ninety miles from Calcutta, was a valuable experiment, inspired by a creative idea of study and training. For manifest reasons it could not be developed into the East-West university of which he dreamed. Santiniketan, as it is called, should now be firmly endowed as his permanent memorial. Upon all public matters Tagore was outspoken and notably consistent. In the pre-Gandhi agitation he could have been a leader of Indian nationalism. As such he was acclaimed without limit; all the wild hero-worship of Young India was lavished upon him. But he was well aware that the dust and heat of the arena were not for him, and, wisely, he withdrew in good time. Always friendly with Gandhi, Tagore made it plain that in thought and purpose, as in method, he stood at the opposite pole. He had drunk deep of the Western springs and could never tolerate a program of isolation and non-cooperation. He was a modern, with an impassioned faith in cultural exchange and in the amplitude of the mind. Nor could he for a moment entertain the idea of non-violence as a principle of public action. More than once, indeed, he provoked the hostility of his fellows by lashing out at the slackness of the Bengal character, in which all his own deeper roots were laid.

The knighthood which Tagore accepted in 1915 was returned to the Viceroy four years later in the bitter grief evoked by the tragedy of Amritsar. His renunciation of the title was announced in a letter of protest which may be said to have inaugurated a new style in Indian political literature. Tagore, especially when moved to anger by a public event, was a master of statement in his second language. The newspapers of the English-speaking world continued to call him Sir Rabindranath. That did not trouble him. He had taken his stand.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Holland Will Live Again

DAY OF THE TRUMPET. By David Cornel DeJong. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

NOWADAYS, when history is stranger than fiction and reality takes more sudden and unexpected turns than imagination can devise, novelists dealing with the contemporary setting are having a difficult time. Their stories blow either too hot or too cold. Seldom do they strike the true temperature of life. And so David Cornel DeJong's book comes as more than a pleasant surprise.

Let it be said right at the outset, and without reservations, that "Day of the Trumpet" is an exceptionally mature work. It tells the story of the Haming family of the Dutch city of Daverdam, a fictitious locale that might be any town in Holland. The story is laid in the time immediately preceding and during the Hitler invasion. Mevrouw Haming and her brood of children and grandchildren, moving about in a living community of diverse types and characters, are the dramatis personae, but the hero, it seems to me, is eight-year-old Dirkie, her grandson, who tries—without always succeeding—to understand the world of the grown-ups.

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One cannot reduce "Day of the Trumpet" to a skeleton synopsis without being unfair to its scope. The chronicle of the Hamings is too rich in material, too populated with genuine human beings, for its story to be encompassed in a few sentences. There are, for instance, the sensitive Renzel, so much in love with life, who dies on the battlefield, and his brother Ernst, who subconsciously admires Nazi purposefulness. There is Dirkie's mother, Margariet, "a shameless individualist" romantically absorbed in her husband. Nor can one forget the old Jewish couple who could have fled to America but preferred to stay in Holland; or the German Goessen woman with her strange son, Vladimir; or Mijnheer Haming, the proud inspector of Daverdam's defense work; or the girl Leenie, the Socialist; or any of the others who made up that peaceful, characteristically Dutch community. It is impossible to pick out one main plot in this pulsating, living novel that DeJong has set against the tragic background of Nazi-threatened and then crushed Holland. For his book has as many plots as it has characters.

It was a dangerous undertaking on which DeJong embarked, for few writers have succeeded in steering clear of the melodramatic when their subject is dramatic. It also required poise and confidence to tackle events so close to the present and stretching so far into an uncertain future. But above all it took a sensitive and seasoned artist to write simply of people in the midst of impending catastrophe and to see them as they really are—attending to their little duties, worrying about their everyday problems, occupying themselves with small selfish tasks—instead of letting them make eloquent speeches about democracy. It is this faculty that makes "Day of the Trumpet" as strong and simple as the people it describes.

"Day of the Trumpet" is more than the story of the rape of Holland. It is the drama of all peaceful citizens of any country or continent on whom Hitler's mailed fist descends. But even that does not suffice to explain the moving and tragic scope of DeJong's novel. So lifelike is his portrayal of a national locale that it reaches out into all human spheres.

At the close of the book Mevrouw Haming, surveying ruined Holland, says to herself: "We'll build ourselves up again and undo this treachery, this wrong, this evil. Even if it takes us centuries. Even if there will be only our ashes left to do our rejoicing when finally we again are free." And you believe her.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Washington During Secession

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON, 1860-1865. By Margaret Leech. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

AT THE beginning of Miss Leech's panorama—the word is an exact description—the central figures in the scene are two gentlemen of the old school—James Buchanan of Pennsylvania and Winfield Scott of Virginia. President Buchanan was on his way out, and the end of his term could not come fast enough to suit him. The Union he had sworn to uphold was crumbling and something had to be done about it. He did not know what, but he had gone so far as to summon from semi-retirement the Commanding General. Scott was firmly loyal to the Union flag, but otherwise hardly qualified to deal with a situation in which the Southern officers on whom Scott, and the country, were largely dependent could not be depended upon.

At the close of the drama the scene is dominated by two self-made men from Illinois, and what had to be done has been done. It is the virtue of this book that it brings home to the most casual reader the enormous, almost unbelievable difficulties which had to be overcome in the process.

Washington was a Southern town, and the government as well as the army had hitherto been dominated by Southerners, either in person or through fellow-Democrats. But Washington was also a symbol, and the Union must consequently conduct its campaign from there even though it was almost alien territory. The North's greatest military liability was also its greatest political asset. But disloyalty in and around the government was only one of the difficulties. Jealousy, corruption, indifference, political shortsightedness were among the others. The greatest of all was a bungling inefficiency in both the government and the army which can never have been surpassed and seldom equaled in a great nation in a great crisis. In the end Lincoln became a big enough man to cut through politics, and in Grant he finally found a general stubborn enough to stand his ground.

Packed with detail, crowded with characters as divergent as Louisa M. Alcott and John Wilkes Booth, Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Rose Greenhow, the Confederate "lady spy," if such she can be called, "Reveille in Washington" gives the reader some idea of the thousand small events which contributed to the generalizations of the history books.

The change in Washington itself is vividly brought home. "As in 1800 and 1850, so in 1860," Miss Leech quotes from Henry Adams, "the same rude colony was camped in the same forest, with the same unfinished Greek temples for workrooms, and sloughs for roads." All during the war the building went on, and the city became more of a city, more the focus of the country, more the care of the federal government rather than of the local inhabitants.

The defects of Miss Leech's book are those of its qualities. She has covered so much ground that inevitably she has not gone very deep. The book remains a panorama, a picture, something looked at rather than lived through. And as the details are derived mostly from prominent characters or public records, the picture tends to be one painted by what Washingtonians would regard as outsiders and so gives an external view. For the real Washingtonians are not the generals and Cabinet ministers, the Congressmen and Senators and Presidents. They are not even the government employees. Like every other American city Washington has a permanent population, and this population is singularly untouched by the accidental fact that Washington is the national capital. During the War of Secession they were nearly all Southern sympathizers. This may be why Miss Leech has neglected them except as they figured on the larger stage of the struggle which was going on. But no book about Washington which does not tell what they were thinking and feeling gives a picture in the round.

This is the only adverse criticism to be made of a book which is a real contribution to the general reader's understanding of the critical years it covers and of some of their chief figures, notably Lincoln.

JAMES ORRICK

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A Woman Doctor's Saga

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN. By Alfreda Withington. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

OF THE several autobiographies of physicians that have appeared in the last few years, this is of particular interest because it describes the obstacles encountered by women in studying and practicing medicine less than a hundred years ago. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the world's first woman medical graduate, was refused admission to twelve American medical schools and was finally admitted to the university at Geneva, New York, in 1847, only by grace of the unanimous vote of the student body. Her sister, after many refusals, was admitted to Rush Medical College, but was subsequently asked to withdraw because the Illinois State Medical Society had censured the institution for accepting a woman student. Even after the American Medical Association voted to admit women in 1876, appointments as internes and visiting physicians were denied to them.

The struggle was not over when Dr. Withington began her medical studies in 1881. She attended the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, founded by Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, and later spent several years in postgraduate study in Vienna and Prague, the first woman ever to be permitted to take courses in medicine in those cities or to practice in a hospital.

After several years of practice in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, she offered her services to Sir Wilfred Grenfell for a summer among the fishermen of Labrador. Dr. Grenfell had never seen a woman doctor before and had misgivings about her being accepted by the fisherfolk, but he need not have feared. "Our lady," as they called her, battled wind and waves in a small boat to make her calls along that bleak coast and was received with an enthusiasm as great as her own. At the age of fifty-seven she volunteered for duty as a tuberculosis specialist with the Red Cross in France. She became director of the tuberculosis-prevention program at Dreux and later in the Department of the Marne, under direction of the Rockefeller Foundation. On her return, instead of resuming conventional private practice, she took a post in a remote settlement in Harlan County in the Kentucky mountains. In this isolated district she rode a horse or walked for miles daily over narrow Cumberland Mountain trails, answering calls often in the dead of night, sleeping with the mountain people in flimsy one-room cabins, fording flooded rivers and breasting blizzards until an attack of angina interrupted her work.

One would expect that the keynote of a life devoted to pioneering in medicine would be courage. Courage is certainly implied, but the chief impression which the biography gives is that of a rare grace and humanity. Many books have been written in praise of the general practitioner of the old school, but few have succeeded in conveying so vividly as this one the quality that distinguished his work—a quality deriving from the fact that he treated people instead of merely practicing medicine. The male physicians who argued before the American Medical Association in the 1870's that women were not emotionally unfit to undertake the responsibilities of life and death in medicine are more than vindicated by Dr. Withington's career.

JEAN LYLE

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AVIATION: FROM SHOP TO SKY. By John J. Floherty. Lippincott. $2.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE. By James D. Hart. Oxford University Press. $5.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF SCOTTISH POETRY. Selected and Edited by Hugh Macdiarmid. Macmillan. $2.50.

IRVING BABBITT: MAN AND TEACHER. Edited by Frederick Manchester and Odell Shepard. Putnam. $3.

THE SWEDISH COLLECTIVE BARGAINING SYSTEM. By Paul H. Norgren. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

DRAFTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION. By Arthur T. Prescott. Louisiana State University Press. $5.50.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. 1492-1865: by Homer Carey Hockett. *1865-1940:* by Arthur Meier Schlesinger. Macmillan. $7.50 per set. Third edition.

SOCIAL AND CULTURAL DYNAMICS. Vol. IV: Basic Problems, Principles, and Methods. By Pitirim Sorokin. American Book Company. $6.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND. Studies on the Idea of Nature in the Thought of the Period. By Basil Willey. Columbia University Press. $3.25.

RECORDS

VICTOR'S August set (601, $3.50) of Beethoven's Quartet Op. 18 No. 2 has arrived at last. The work is uninteresting; the performance by the Budapest Quartet is marvelous. As for recording, I was about to remark that this time Victor had been able to avoid the metallic sharpness in the high range of the violins in its previous Budapest set of Mozart's K. 458, and to achieve something as fine as H. M. V.'s Budapest recordings—their spaciousness and balance, their cleanness and roundness of definition, their beauty of sound throughout the entire range of the four strings. And then I happened to look at the label and saw that this *was* an imported H. M. V. recording.

From Columbia we get a set (467, $4.50) of the Budapest Quartet's performance of Debussy's Quartet, of which the sound on a high-fidelity machine is muffled and vastly inferior not only to what is produced by the H. M. V. and Victor sets I have just mentioned but to the sound of Columbia's own previous recordings of Budapest performances. On a small machine of limited frequency-range the sound is better balanced. The work itself is not one of Debussy's best, though the second and third movements are exquisitely wrought and quite lovely.

Columbia also offers Schumann's Symphony No. 3, which I do not find interesting, and which is excellently performed by Bruno Walter with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set 464, $4.50); Enesco's engaging Rumanian Rhapsody No. 1, in a fair performance by Stock with the Chicago Symphony (Set X-203, $2.50); Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," in a hurried, erratic, and altogether unimpressive and unsatisfying performance by Reiner with the Pittsburgh Symphony (11580-D, $1); Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, in a performance by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set 468, $5.50) that has caused me to wonder again at the strange way in which the gift for manipulating an orchestra may be given accidentally to someone with the feeling for music that a butcher has for meat. And to these Columbia adds what seems to be a competent performance of Alban Berg's Violin Concerto by Louis Krasner and the Cleveland Orchestra under Rodzinski (Set 465, $3.50). This is one of the works written—to quote Mr. Moses Smith's accompanying notes—"for the most part according to the technique of the twelve-tone system originated by Arnold Schönberg, of whom Berg was the principal disciple. Far from being greeted with the attentiveness which its unusual character deserved, the music of this school had been (and still is) widely dismissed as abstract, brain-made, and inhuman." Not only, says Smith, has this concerto revealed itself as "a masterpiece, which Constant Lambert . . . characterized as 'the most beautiful and significant piece of music written since the war' (1914-1918)," but it "has established, in the minds of those who have heard it even a single time, that the apparently forbidding musical language invented by Schönberg could convey thoughts and emotions that touch the hearts of those in its presence." The work may have done this for some; but I can testify that it has not conveyed such thoughts and emotions to some others who have been in its presence for the first time during the past week, or to me who have heard it more than once and have had to listen to one record repeatedly.

This has been in the process of hearing all these Columbia records on several phonographs. On a small machine of limited frequency-range the sound of the Enesco Rhapsody had a fidelity, spaciousness, and sharpness of definition that were not to be heard in the thin, cold, but acceptable sound of the Schumann Symphony and Wagner Prelude; and there was a degree of brightness and clarity in the sound of the Tchaikovsky Symphony, as against the muddy sound of the Berg Concerto. On the large, wide-range machines for which the recordings are allegedly intended (I played them on a Scott 23-tube set with a fine Brush pickup, a Scott 30-tube Philharmonic with the latest Audax Pro-2, and on a privately made machine which is the finest I have ever heard) the Berg was terrible, the Wagner quite bad, the Schumann thin, pinched, nasal, the Tchaikovsky had a cold, hard clarity, and the Enesco's fidelity, spaciousness, and clarity were even more impressive. But even the Enesco did not have the wonderful beauty of sound which came from the Victor record of a Stokowski-Philadelphia Orchestra performance that I used as my standard of reference.

Nor—I must add—do Victor's own recordings of other American orchestras, particularly those of the Boston Symphony, which have been excessively and even harshly brilliant, and at times laceratingly sharp. B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN DOS PASSOS is the author of "U. S. A.," "The Big Money," and, more recently, "The Ground We Stand On."

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